Coyotes

Richard Thompson

Was a cowboy I knew in South Texas
His face was burnt deep by the sun
Part history, part sage, part Mexican
He was there when Poncho Villa was youngAnd he'd tell you a tale of the old days
When the country was wild all around
Sit out under the stars of the milky way
And listen while the coyotes howlThey go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whooNow, the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
And the outlaws are goneGeronimo's gone
And sand bass is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is goneWell, he cursed all the roads in the old land
And he cursed the automobile
Said, this is no place for an hombre like I am
In this new world of asphalt and steelThen he'd look off someplace in the distance
At something only he could see
He'd say all that's left now is the old days
Damned old coyotes and meAnd they go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whooNow, the longhorns are gone
And the drovers are gone
The Comanches are gone
The outlaws are goneNow, Quantro is gone
Stan Wantee is gone
And the lion is gone
And the red wolf is goneOne morning they searched his adobe
He disappeared without even a word
But that night as the moon crossed the mountain
One more coyote was heardAnd he'd go, whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whooWhoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo
Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo
Whoo, yip, whoo, yip, whoo

Whoo, du, yip, whoo, yip, whoo, whoo

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